

REDDING NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO OUR READERS

Redding, Aug. 12.—Highway Commissioner Macdonald in giving his formal decision declining to approve, at the present time the use of the State appropriation for road building, has made it clear that he is constrained to make this finding after a careful consideration of the case. One of the reasons he gives for turning down the project is the inadequacy of the funds available for the complete execution of the work. Another is the steep ditch with its sharp curve which extends southward from the plateau above. He declares that before the proposed highway construction is undertaken the town should make a new road, for this activity will be a straighter course and a better grade is provided the improved conditions under which would yield only a small part of their possible usefulness. The highway of the Sunset Hill project was accompanied by Mr. Macdonald's approval of the plan to devote the \$50,000 remaining of the appropriation to the improvement of the road from the Episcopal church corner to Burr's Hill. A survey of this section will be made at once so that bids may be promptly advertised for the work. The contract for building the other section of Ridge road below the five points has been signed by the town so that everything is now ready for Goodman & Trumbull to begin operations. The contract allows them 40 days to complete the work, the penalty of \$100 per day being specified beyond that time.

Under one of the big elms on the main adjoining the town house a hearing was held before the town board on Tuesday on a summary process action brought to evict Charles Banks from the Zebra Burr place in the Glen which was recently sold by Mrs. Caroline E. Burr of Bridgewater to Bernard von Rosenhauzen, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Attorney Murphy of Danbury appeared for the plaintiff and Attorney Gregory for the defendant. The latter moved for the dismissal of the action on the ground that when Mrs. Burr accepted a sum in part payment and thereby was divested of her rights, she was not to be evicted. The court ruled against the contention as the title was still vested in Mrs. Burr. An exception was taken. An effort was then made to show that the lease, a verbal one, had been not to Charles Banks but to his daughter Minnie. The finding of the court was also adverse, judgment was given for the plaintiff with costs. Attorney Gregory gave notice of an appeal to the court of common pleas. This is nominally the present status of the case although the court expressly provides that there shall be no appeal in an action of summary process. Probably the two lawyers and the justice knew that they knew it in the back of their heads, but the saying goes, but with none of them was this particular memory firm at the time in working order. And here we have the case.

The Ridge cemetery is to be further improved by the placing of iron gates at the two entrances and by the widening of the stone paths with granite curbs. The entire expense amounting to about \$500, will be borne by Prof. S. S. Sanford of New York. Work on the four corners of the cemetery is having built to provide a lakelet of 17 1/2 acres east of Sunset Hill is proceeding rapidly. The dam will be 300 feet high. Its stone core will be 100 feet wide at the base, five feet at the top and the earth backing will be thirty feet wide at the bottom. A road on the tract to be flooded will be an island and upon it will be built a rustic habitation, probably a log cabin.

On the last grand list are payable Aug. 23 and to accommodate the collector Sanford has made the following appointments: He will be at Gregory's store, Georgetown, on Aug. 24, 10 to 5 p. m.; at the store of J. B. Sanford's store from 10 a. m. to 12 m. and at C. M. Bronson's store, West Redding, from 2 to 3 p. m.; at the store of J. B. Sanford's store, Redding, from 10 to 12, and at Greenleaf & Klein's store, Redding, from 2 to 5. The collector will also have with him the 1907 book and give notice that bills on that book not paid by Aug. 27 will be secured by the filing of liens without any reserve.

The ladies of the Central Methodist church will hold a peach festival and sale on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, Aug. 17, on the lawn in front of the church. A cabbage patch presided over by Mrs. Wiggs will be one of the features.

Bernard Brady died at his home on Westway Hill last Sunday from injuries he received from being struck by a locomotive in the Norwalk freight yards about three weeks ago. Although shockingly mangled he made an unexpected rally and seemed to be in a fair way to recover until removed from his home to the hospital last week.

A crowd of audience enjoyed the performance given by the Oddity minstrel company at Grange Hall last Friday evening. The Grange and the performers realized a fine success. Two new pieces of scenery painted by Mr. Beving of the minstrel troupe were presented by them to the Grange.

The selectmen have awarded the contract for painting the town house to Mrs. Downs for \$37.50. Nearly all the painters in town bid on the job, the lowest figure being \$55.

Fred Wood of Sunset Hill is temporarily crippled by a fall received in walking over a stone fence. His ankle was broken and wrenched and a ligament ruptured.

The spraying by D. S. Sanford of the highway adjoining his premises with crude oil failed in its purpose of keeping down the dust.

Instead of the usual service at the Central Methodist church last Sunday there was held a prayer and experience meeting conducted by ten men from Bethel who are among the converts of Miss Lord, the evangelist.

D. V. B. Hegeman of Brooklyn, is moving into the Charles H. Bradley place recently purchased by him.

A. G. Burnett and wife left in their auto this week for a trip to Provincetown, Mass.

The Congregational church of the Center held their annual picnic at Putnam Park on Tuesday.

W. C. Sanford has been laid up for some days but improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Mabrey are expected home this week from their wedding trip to Blaine.

A stone road is being built from the A. C. Shaw house northward to the public highway. The prospects are that the house will be finished by the end of the year. The contract was awarded to the list of local motor car drivers.

Head horse delays traffic.

A large white horse belonging to Mr. H. Briggs, an expressman who lives at 273 State street, dropped dead yesterday afternoon. Trolley cars were delayed for several minutes. The express wagon was attached to the broken-down automobile which was being driven to a garage.

EXTRAORDINARY HAIR TONIC

It Won't Grow Hair on Bald Heads

Unlike all other hair restorers, Parisian Sage won't grow hair on bald heads. Neither will it grow hair on china eggs, door knobs or hitching posts.

One claim is about as sensible as the other.

If your head is bald and you want to cover it with hair, get a wig.

Parisian Sage, the quick-acting hair restorer, is of no use to bald heads. It is nothing on earth that will so quickly turn dull, faded hair into lustrous and luxuriant hair as Parisian Sage.

Parisian Sage is guaranteed by Levery & Bro. to drive out dandruff and stop falling hair in two weeks or money back. It stops itching scalp in two days, and keeps the scalp cool and free from odors in warm weather.

There is nothing on earth that will so quickly turn dull, faded hair into lustrous and luxuriant hair as Parisian Sage.

Try a bottle of Parisian Sage at Levery & Bro.'s risk. Use it for a week, and you will have no use for the ordinary tonics. Parisian Sage is delightfully perfumed, free from grease and stickiness, and a large bottle costs but 50 cents. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every bottle.

SWEDISH STRIKE IS PETERING OUT

(Special from United Press.)

Stockholm, Aug. 12.—The Employers' Association is in such complete ascendancy today in the Swedish strike that it refused to offer a group of independent political party leaders to negotiate a settlement on the basis of the return of the strikers under old conditions. The Employers' Association declared it was already the winner and would make its own terms in settling with those who wished to return to work.

The rejection of the offer indicates that the strikers will be fortunate if they are not actually forced to lose ground. A result of the strike, 20 per cent of the strikers have already returned to work and this number, with the army of strike-breakers, is proving sufficient to run all the industries on practically a normal basis. The elimination of intoxication during the strike has been a great benefit in the matter of preventing lawlessness.

DANBURY MAN BANKRUPT.

Solomon P. George of Danbury has filed a petition in bankruptcy with the United States district court, giving his liabilities as \$1,082.40 and his assets as \$625.50.

Fairfield County News.

Wood Family's Troubles.

Marcus C. Wood was in court at Greenwich, Monday, on a charge of non-support. Estelle Wood, his wife, told the court that her home was in Miami, and despite the fact that Wood received about \$15 per week, he had failed to support her and her two children. She said she had been with him for several weeks at a time. He denied the statement made by his wife relating to non-support. Judge Barnes sentenced the prisoner to 30 days in jail if he didn't give his wife \$4 per week for six months. Everything was made up before the judge left the court room, and they went home happy.

Automobile Accidents.

The emergency brake failed to hold the touring car of Mrs. Eliza G. Morris, of South Beach, in Stamford, Sunday forenoon, when the driving chain broke and the big car backed down a hill at a high rate of speed and hit a wagon in which were Joseph Zetta and Dominic Francis, of Noroton. They were thrown out, and Zetta was cut about the head. Francis' arm was hurt and Mrs. Morris and her children were quite frightened, but they were not hurt.

In Danbury, Monday, an auto collided with a wagon, and then the driver lost control of his machine and dashed into a yard. Then, gasoline on the outside of the tank took fire and the machine was badly burned. Those who claimed to recognize the driver of the car said his name was Plumb and that he was a resident of Ridgefield.

Litchfield County News.

Festivities at Twin Lakes.

Saturday was a gala day at Twin Lakes. The business meeting of the Twin Lakes Association came first. The same officers as last year were elected. The first contest was between launches of over three horse power. The winners in this were: C. S. Blake, first; Benjamin Fry, second; John A. Vord, third; Judge Burpee, fourth; J. K. Mulford, fifth. Then came the launches of three horse power and under. R. D. Peirce was first; J. M. Bell, second; George Dunning, third; C. L. Plumb, fourth. Round bottom single, round bottom double, canoe single, canoe double, ladies' rowing, the swimming races followed. At 8 in the evening the illuminated launches assembled at the station. As a silver loving cup had been offered for the best decorated launch, the decorations were quite elaborate. The prize was awarded to C. S. Blake of Hartford. The effect of the large number of brilliantly illuminated launches marking the seven mile course of the large lake was a sight which reminded the spectators of the Carnival of Venice.

Samuel Curtis Dead.

The death of Samuel Curtis, the aged New Milford man, who had a leg cut off by a railroad train at the New Milford railroad station three weeks ago while attempting to cross the train after assisting a blind friend aboard, occurred at the Danbury hospital Friday night.

Old Case Settled.

The tree case of Edward Manchester against the borough of Winsted, which has been in the courts for four years and a half, has at last been settled. An agreement has been made whereby each side will pay its own costs and Tree Warden Waldron will cut down the tree and repair the sidewalk with the expense of the sidewalk. The tree stands in the center of the sidewalk in front of the Manchester property. The borough attempted to cut it down and Mr. Manchester immediately had a temporary injunction issued. The case has since been hanging in the courts and but for the part taken by the fire which destroyed the tree, the case would have been settled long ago. It is doubtful if a settlement would have been reached yet. The fire virtually killed the tree.

Captured by Boys.

James Carrins, who was serving sentence in the Litchfield jail for theft, broke away from a gang of prisoners who were at work at the Litchfield Park and disappeared, going in a northerly direction. Word was telephoned to the George Junior Republic and other places. The little Republic immediately had on the watch, and when the man came along, surrounded him and landed him in the lockup of the Republic after a struggle, where he remained until officers from Litchfield arrived to take him in charge.

Dr. Shaw for Torrington School.

Dr. Hubert G. Shaw, for four years principal of the school in Wethersfield, has been selected as principal of the Torrington High School, and will be in charge of the science department.

The Man From Brodney's By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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Continued.

Drusilla Browne was jesting, no doubt, but it is doubtful if any one grasped the delicacy of her humor when she observed, in mock concern, addressing the assembled mourners, that she believed the heirs were trying to get rid of their innumerable after the good old Borgia fashion and that she would never again have the courage to eat a mouthful of food so long as she stood between her husband and a hymeneal fortune.

"You know, my dear," she concluded, turning to her husband, "that I might have had Lord Deppingham's biscuit. His wife asked me to take it. Goodness, you're a dreadful Borgia person, Agnes," she went on, smiling brightly at her ladyship. Deppingham was fumbling nervously at his monocle. "I should think you would be nervous, Lord Deppingham."

The most rigid questioning elicited no information from the servants. Bailor's sudden, involuntary look of suspicion, directed toward Lady Agnes and Robert Browne, did not escape the keen eye of Hollingsworth Chase.

"Impossible!" he said, half aloud. He looked up and saw that the princess was staring at him questioningly. He shook his head without thinking.

Despair settled upon the white people. They were confronted by a new and serious peril—poison. At no time could they feel safe.

One of the stable boys volunteered to carry a note from Chase to Rasula, asking the opportunity to lay a question of grave importance before him. Chase suggested to Rasula that he should meet him that evening at the west gate, under a flag of truce. The tone of the letter was more or less peremptory.

Rasula came, sullen but curious. At first he would not believe, but Chase was firm in his denunciation of Jacob von Blitz. Then he was pleased to accuse Chase of duplicity and double dealing, going so far as to charge the deposed American with plotting against von Blitz to further his own ends in more ways than one. At last, however, he agreed to follow the advice of the American—grudgingly, to be sure, but none the less determined.

"You will find everything as I have stated it, Rasula," said Chase. "I'm sorry you are against me, for I would be your friend. I've told you how to reach the secret cave. The chests are there. The passage is closed. You can trap him in the attempt to rob the bank. I could have taken him red handed and given him over to Lord Deppingham, but you would never have known the truth. Now I ask you to judge for yourselves. Give him a fair trial, Rasula—as you would any man accused of crime—and be just. If you need a witness—an eyewitness—call on me. I will come, and I will appear against him. I've been honest with you. I am willing to trust you to be honest with me."

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEPPINGHAM FALLS ILL.

HAT evening Lord Deppingham took to his bed with violent chills. He shivered and burned by turns and spent a most distressing night. Bobby Browne came in twice to see him before retiring. For some reason unknown to any one but himself, Deppingham refused to be treated by the young man, notwithstanding the fact that Browne laid claim to a physician's certificate and professed to be especially successful in breaking up "the ague." Lady Agnes entreated her liege lord to submit to the doses, but Deppingham was resolute to transfigure.

"A Dover's powder, Deppy, or a few grains of quinine. Please be sensible. You're just like a child."

"What's in a Dover's powder?" demanded the patient, who had never been ill in his life.

"Ipecac and opium, sugar of milk or sulphate of potash. It's an anodyne diaphoretic," said Browne.

"Opium, eh?" came sharply from the couch. "Good Lord, an overdose of it would—He checked the words abruptly and gave vent to a nervous fit of laughter.

"Don't be a fool, George," commanded his wife. "No one is trying to poison you."

"Who's saying that he's going to poison me?" demanded Deppingham shortly. "I'm objecting because I don't like the idea of taking medicine from a man just out of college."

"I've just given my wife a powder, old man. She's got a nervous headache," urged Browne tolerantly.

"Your wife?" exclaimed Deppingham, sitting up. "The devil! He looked hard at Browne for a moment. "Oh, I say, now, old chap, don't you think it's rather too much of a coincidence?"

Browne arose quickly, a flash of resentment in his eyes. "See here, Deppingham!"

"I apologize, Browne," said Deppingham hastily. "I'm not afraid of your medicine. I'm only thinking of my wife. If I should happen to die, don't you know, there would be people who might say that you could have cured me. See what I mean?"

"You fear old goose?" cried his wife. "I fancy Selim or Ballo or even Bowles knows what a fellow does himself with when he's bowled over by one of these beastly island ailments. Oblige me, Agnes, and send for Bowles."

He immediately recommended an old

fashioned Dover's powder and ventured the opinion that a "good sweat" would soon put his lordship on his feet. "Better than ever," Deppingham kept Browne beside him while Browne generously prepared and administered the medicine.

Later in the night the princess came to see how the patient was getting on. He was in a dripping perspiration.

Genevra drew a chair up beside his couch and sat down. Lady Agnes was yawning sleepily over a book.

"Do you know, I believe I'd feel better if I could have another chill," he said. "I'm so beastly hot now that I can't stand it. Aggy, why don't you turn out on the balcony for a bit of fresh air? I'm a brute to have kept you moping in here all evening."

Lady Agnes sighed prettily and stepped out into the murky night.

"I say, Genevra, what's the news?" demanded his lordship. "Where is Chase?"

Now, the princess, it is most distressing to state, had willfully avoided Mr. Chase since early that morning.

"I'm sure I don't know. I had dinner with Mrs. Browne in her room. I fancy he's off attending to the guard. I haven't seen him."

"Nice chap," remarked Deppingham. "Isn't that he now speaking to Agnes out there?"

Genevra looked up quickly. A man's voice came in to them from the balcony, following Lady Deppingham's soft laugh.

"No," she said, settling back calmly. "It's Mr. Browne."

"Oh," said Deppingham, a slight shadow coming into his eyes. "Nice chap, too," he added a moment later. "I haven't seen him," said she, lowering her voice.

"I've no doubt Agnes is as much to blame as he," said his lordship at last.

"He's behaving like a brute. They've been married less than a year."

"It really doesn't amount to anything, Genevra," he argued. "It will blow over in a fortnight. Aggy's always doing this sort of thing, you know."

"I know, Deppy," she said sharply. "But this man is different. He's not a gentleman. Mr. Skaggs wasn't a gentleman. Blood tells. He will boast of this flirtation until the end of his days."

"Aggy's had dozens of men in love with her—really in love," he protested feebly. "She's not—"

"They've come and gone, and she's still the same old Agnes, and you're the same old Deppy. I'm not thinking of you or Aggy. It's Drusilla Browne."

"I see. Thanks for the confidence you have in Aggy. I dare say I know how Drusilla feels. I've—I've had a bad turn or two myself lately, and—never mind. By the way, what does Chase say about it?" he asked suddenly.

She started and caught her breath. "Mr. Chase? He—he hasn't said anything about it," she responded lamely. "He's—he's not that sort."

"Ah," reflected Deppingham, "he is a gentleman!"

Genevra flushed. "Yes, I'm sure he is."

"I say, Genevra," he said, looking straight into her rebellious eyes, "you're in love with Chase. Why don't you marry him?"

"Yes—you are really delicious, Deppy," she cried. "The fever has—"

"He's good enough for any one—even you," went on his lordship coolly. "He may have a wife," said she, collecting her wits with rare swiftness. "Who knows? Don't be silly, Deppy."

"Rubbish! Haven't you stuffed Aggy and me full of the things you found out concerning him before he left Thorberg, and afterward—the letters from the ambassador's wife and the glowing things your St. Petersburg friends have to say of him, eh? Besides, he'd give his head to marry you—having already lost it."

"You are very amusing, Deppy, when you try to be clever. Is there a clause in that silly old will compelling me to marry any one?"

"Of course not, my dear princess, but I fancy you've got a will of your own. Where there's a will there's a way. You'd marry him tomorrow if—"

"If I were not amply prepared to contest my own will?" she supplied airily.

"No; if your will was not wrapped in convention three centuries old. You won't marry Chase because you are a princess. I'm awfully sorry for you, Genevra."

"Sorry for me? Dear me!"

"You're tremendously gone on him."

"Nonsense! Why couldn't I marry Mr. Chase?" she exclaimed, irritably at last. "Don't put such things into my head—I mean don't get such things into that ridiculous old head of yours. Are you forgetting that I am to become Karl's wife in June? You are babbling, Deppy."

"Well, let's say no more about it," he said, lying back resignedly. "It's too bad, that's all. Chase is a man. Karl isn't. You loathe him. I don't wonder that you turn pale and look frightened. Take my advice—take Chase."

"Don't!" she cried, a break in her voice. She arose and went swiftly toward the window. Then she stopped and turned upon him, her lips parted as if to give utterance to the thing that was stirring her heart so violently. The words would not come. She smiled plaintively and said instead: "Good night! Get a good sleep."

"The same to you," he called feverishly.

"Deppy," she said firmly, a red spot in each cheek, her voice tense and strained to a high pitch of suppressed decision, "I shall marry Karl Brabetz. That will be the end of your Mr. Chase."

"I hope so," he said. "But I'm not so sure of it if you continue to love him as you do now."

She went out with her cheeks burning and a frightened stir in her heart. Her thoughts raced back to Neenah's airy prophecy.

How could she face the charge, "I'm not so sure of it," unless she killed the indictment, "If you love him as you do now?"

Lady Agnes and Browne passed by without seeing her and entered the window. She heard him say something to his companion, softly, tenderly—she knew not what it was. And Lady Agnes laughed—yes, nervously. Ah, but Agnes was playing! She was not in love with this man. It was different. It was not what Neenah meant—nor Deppingham, honest friend that he was.

Down below she heard voices. She wondered—inconsistently alert—whether he was one of the speakers. Thomas, Saunders and Miss Pelham were coming in from the terrace. They were in love with each other! They could be in love with each other. There was no law, no convention that said them nay! They could marry—and still love! "If you continue, to love him as you do now" battered at the doors of her conscience.

Her maid came in, and she prepared for bed. Left alone, she perched herself in the window seat to cool her heated face with the breezes that swept on ahead of the storm which was coming up from the sea. Her heart was hot; no breeze could cool it; nothing but the ice of decision could drive out the fever that possessed it.

"It is impossible—impossible!" she was saying to herself. "I could not love him like that. I should hate him. God above me, am I not different from those women whom I have known and pitied and despised? Am I not different from Guelma von Herick? Am I not different from Prince Henri's wife? Ah, and they loved too! And he is not different from those other men—those weak, unmanly men who came into the lives of those women? Ah, yes, yes! He is different!"

She sat and stared out over the black sea, lighted fitfully by the distant lightning. There she pronounced sentence upon him—and herself. There was no place for him in her world. He should feel her disdain; he should suffer for his presumption. Presumption! In what way had he offended? She put her hands to her eyes, but her lips smiled—smiled with the memory of the kiss she had returned.

"What a fool! What a fool I am," she cried aloud, springing up resolutely. "I must forget. I told him I couldn't, but I can—I can! Halfway across the room she stopped, her hands clinched fiercely. "If—if Karl were only such as he!" she moaned.

She went to her dressing table and resolutely unlocked one of the drawers, as one would open a case in which the most precious of treasures was kept.

"It was so silly of me!" she muttered. "I shall not keep them for him." The drawer was partly filled with cigarettes. She took one from among the rest and placed its tip in her red lips, a reckless light in her eyes. A match was struck, and then her hand seemed to be in the clutch of some invisible force. The light flickered and died in her fingers. A blush suffused her face, her eyes, her neck. Then, with a guilty, ashamed, tender smile, she dropped the cigarette into the drawer. She turned the key.

"No," she said to herself; "I told him that I was keeping them for him."

(To be Continued.)

In direct contrast to the season's fashion of buttoning the long coats with two or three buttons just below the collar, a new mode has come in of fastening the three quarter length coats with three buttons, just above the lower hem.

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